NOTES AT THE THEATRES.

A THIRD HEREMANN IN THE FAM-

ILY OF EXPERTS IN ILLUSION.

This One Was Introduced to Some Sunday Evening Quests-Dramas of Indefinite Purport-The Significance of Big Canes. On the invitation of Adelaide Herrmann an

andience that filled the theatre gathered at the Madison Square last evening to see the first

performance in this country by Leon Herr-

mann, who is to succeed the late Alexander

Herrmann. The new prestidigitateur looks very much as his predecessor should have looked

twenty-five years ago, if it could be believed that

the latter grew three inches in height in the last half of his life. Then the new expert has more

hair on his head and a little less on his chin

than the other had, but the resemblance be-

tween the two men is so striking that there will

be no questioning their relationship. In the newcomer's audiences there are sure to be many

who will remark on his looking just like the

other, and it will not be surprising if some fail

to realize the shift of Herrmann's that time has

There was certainly an attempt last night to

make Leon's performance a copy of Alexander's

Not only were many of the tricks these that

have been done season after season by the

late magician, but several of his bits of

business" were incorporated in them.

Coming to the "patter" that accompanied the feats of sleight of hand, all resemblance

between the two performers ceased, for the

present performer is a Frenchmen, and

had a hard time of it in making his English

understood. He spoke most of his sentences in French, and then put them into as good Eng-

lish as he could. So it came about that he re-quested the loan of "sick" hats, bade his hear-

ers wait a "leetle moment," and made other errors that were amusing. His tricks were

mostly familiar and simple ones, but he proved in them to be satisfactorily deft. Oranges and blocks of wood were made to exchange places while under hats, chosen cards were indicated, and a handful of steel rings were manipulated skilfully. Two tricks had novel outsides at least. In one a round pane of glass was mounted on a column, and one side of it was lettered like the face of a clock. The single hand revolved easily, and was weighted so that it stopped at 12 o'clock. Dice were shaken in the audience, and the next time the hand was started it stopped at the number that the dice indicated The numbers on chosen cards were met in the same way. In another trick there were employed a stick in which were four holes, and through the holes hung four ribbons a foot long. This stick was held at arm's length by an assistant while the magician naimed four coins. As these vanished a coin fell through each hole in the stick and dropped to the end of a ribbon. At the end of the sleight of hand the entertainer made shadow pictures on a screen with his hands.

It is no evidence of crudity in taste to de mand that a play's meaning be distinct. If the

purpose is serious, the audience should be able

to appreciate that significance; while if its

intent be comic, clearness is quite as neces

eary. Any different result cannot be met by

the explanation that only u cultured playgo-

ers want their humor and pathos fh strips of fat and lean. Whatever quality a play pos-

sesses, whatever character it assumes, should

be distinctly presented, and it is just as true

of every other phase of art that positiveness

is one of its essential elements. When the

author is uncertain and foggy, and his play

reflects the same quality, the effect is invari-ably weakened. The same is true of its inter-

pretation when an actor, hesitating or unde-

cisive as to what treatment a scene requires.

always destroys its meaning. No play that

ever gained great popular success has left

the audiences that heard it in any doubt as to

its purpose. Neither W. S. Gilbert nor G. B.

Shaw, in their whimsical pieces, ever led a

spectator to believe that he was beholding

"I should like to ask," said the cynic, "what

powers for humor reside in a cane that is five

don at the Strand Theatre as Florence Gerard.

his hands.

Grown Res (and One Dear Woman with Two Beparted Hunbands) Spend Sunday Evenings Hearing the Simple Stage Pat-ters This Grave-Cloth Vaudeville Show. is the middle of the block in Thirty-fourth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, there aresort for spirits. It is kept by Mrs. Stoddard Gray and her son, DeWitt C. Hough, and a lot of men and women go there regularly to see the shorts of everybody, from St. John the Divine to King Charles of Sweden and their elsters and their cousins and their aunts, stalk all over the premises. They can see the ghosts for a dollar stime. Among the patrons of the place, THE Sex is informed, are several men who have been prominent, and one at least has been spending his money buying material Christmas presents for the cabinet ghost, which wears the regulation name of Star Eyes. The names of these men, for obvious reasons, are not printed THE SUN reporter has accompanied one or two men of considerable prominence to seances at the place. These men were believers, and hoped to sonvince the reporter that there was something in the show. The whole thing was such a bold and palpable cheat that it is difficult to see how sarbody could be duped by it. Always, when the reporter was present, the ghosts kept at a respectful distance, and it wasn't possible to lay hold of one. But the sham was transparent enough without a captive spook for syldence.

Until recently there was, and perhaps there is still, a crayon picture department to the show. But this department is out of the ordinary spock picture line, the ordinary line being the one operated by Diss Debar to milk the wealth Luther R. Marsh. At this Stoddard Gray-Hough show, according to Mrs. Gray, the victim brings a picture of himself or herself to show to the ghost that comes to see him or her. The ghost admires the picture and wants the bamboorled one to order a crayon or half a adozen crayons copied from the picture and enlarged. The pictures are made and vended by the art department. Mrs. Gray told the reporter that the artist is a boarder in the house and that he has nothing to do with the show. The night that Mrs. Gray said this there were

three different crayons on the plane. One was of a man who is connected with a publishing house in this city. The second was of a man whose name Mrs. Gray mentioned, and the third was the picture of a woman. There were half a dozen of the woman's pictures, and Mrs. Gray said that they had been made on the order o the woman whose ghost friend had suggested that she get them.

The seances take place Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings. They are open to any-body properly introduced at a dollar a visit. But the shosts are on tap on all days from 10 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon for \$2 a tap, and the medium's cards say that "Private materializing séances are given by appointment at parties' own residences," so the ghosts, of course, are not stationary, but portable. THE Sux reporter's visits to the ghost house have been made generally on Sunday evenings, and the same sort of a show has been given on each occasion. A description of any one of the visits will answer for all, and the one on Sunday night of last week will do as well as any. Mrs. Stoddard Gray's house is a brown-stone front and stands in a row of just such houses. There are two rooms on the first floor-a front and back parior. The front parior contains a square piane and the ordinary parlor furnishings, mostly of a cheap character. There are lace curtains at the windows. The exhibition of the work of the art department is usually on the piano. Between the two rooms are silding doors. The rear room is smaller, though wider, than the front room, and it is in this room that the should be added to the room that the should be added to the room that the cheap can be a small closet that occupies the corner of the room. The cabinet where the ghoets are greened stands on that side of the room, one side of the right within a foot of the closet door. It is about six feet wide and four feet deep. This cabinet is made of thin boards and has no lee. The interior is lined with muslim. The side away from the closet is about four feet from the rear window, and between it and the window there stands a high screen that covers up that corner of the room. Reddish curtains cover the front of the cabinet. Near these curtains there is a table on which are two or three bells, a mouth harmonica, a pile of common straw paper, and a book or two. In the cabinet is a chair and on the floor are the toys that the bambooxied have presented to the ghost Star Eyes. They include, among other things, a music box, a child's trunk, and a doll, which, as anybody will admit, are things quite as useful to a ghost as crayon pictures can be. There is a chandler in the ceutre of this room. It is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. This burner is surrounded by heavy bluish green cloth or paper, which see used. This burner is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. This burner is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. This burner is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. This burner is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. This burner is an ordinary old-fashioned affair, only one burner of which is ever used. The back, facing the pahor is a large oil painting of a man. This Mrs. Gray gravely a of a cheap character. There are lace curtains at the windows. The exhibition of the work of

coursel' that had charge of the materializing department.

The assembly on each visit of the reporter numbered about twenty, and, with few exceptions, was always made upof the same persons. There was a temporary blonde with a startlingly red waist who told the reporter that she came to see "one of the ancients," an Legyntian who had died before the world began putting A. D. after the year. This Egyptian was a friend of hers, she said, and often visited her in her room. There was an old lady who told the reporter that she had been a Methodist twenty years, and found that she was wrong, and for thirty years since she had been a Spiritualist. She came to see her daughter and her mother, who, though in the spirit world, maintained their interest in her. There was a colored woman who came to see and to receive the blessing of St. John the Divine, who had always kept watch over her. There was a tall and dividerable to the same to see and to receive the blessing of St. John the Divine, who had always kept watch over her. There was a tall and dividerable to the same to see and to receive the blessing of St. John the Divine, who She said she was studying music and had attended several scatters. She still had doubt, and had never had any ghosts call to see her, but she was mystified by many things she had seen and had not been able to explain. Her friend was a more than haif believer, too. There was a good-looking plume woman, who was dressed all in black, and with her were two girls who looked like twins, and who were both very pretty. They were all in black, too. An interesting thing about these two young woman is that when they Mrs. Gray announced:
"Friends, it will be necessary now to have the room in complete darkness for a few moments, to give the control the chance to get in his work.
Now I am going to turn out the light," and she

There was a moment's silence, and Mrs. Gray's was heard singing

Some was heard singing

Shall we gather at the river

Where bright angels just have trod,
that he with the saints at the river

I has flows by the throne of God?

One by one the dupes joined in the singing.
The whole hymn was sung through. The refrain was begun after the last stanza:

Yes, well gather at the river.
The beautiful the beautiful river;
Yes, well gather at the river.
That flows by the throne of God.

This was punctuated with exclavations. It

This was punctuated with exclamations: "I can be come of them?" Oh, see! The room is full of them!" you see the lights. They were just reporter did see lights. They were just lights as are always seen when one looks that shead into total darkness—the same one sees when the eyes are closed tightly. We are waiting, we are waiting, We are waiting just now,

sang the dupes, led by Mrs. Gray, and as the last note died away there was a sound in the cabinet in imitation of the beating of a drum. It was evidently made with the tips of the fin-

SPOOKS A DOLLAR A DOZEN. | gers of somebody in the cabinet. It was faint at You'll be welcome, you'll be welcome, You'll be welcome just now. Just new you'll be welcome. You'll be welcome just now.

Tou'll be welcome just now.

sang the dupes, and before the song was finished there were heard faintly notes of the mouth harmonics. It kept time to the singing, and when that was finished the sound grew gradually louder and louder, and the tunchanged to the "Washington Post March."

The playing, by the way, was wretched. The march was played through, and Mrs. Gray asked:

The playing, by the way, was wretched. The march was played through, and Mrs. Gray asked:

"Won't some of the friends suggest a piece?"

"There was a minute or two of silence, and then a voice from the scoffers corner:

"What's the matter with 'Down Went Mc-Ginty?" A titter went around the circle, and then a voice remarked that levity was not in keeping with the surroundings.

"Play 'Down Went McGinty,' "said the pretty young woman who was studying music.
"Can you play the tune, Professor?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"Can you play the tune, Professor?" asked Mrs. Gray.

There were three raps and then the harmonica started with a reminiscence of "Down Went McGinty" that was simply awful.

"Can't you give us 'Home, Sweet Home' on the bells, Professor?" asked Mrs. Gray. There were three more raps and then the bells began to jingle in time with the notes of the harmonica and at the same time there was the finger tip imitation of the drum beat. This selection wound up with unearthly lingling and blowing and pounding, followed by complete silence.

Don't forget us, don't forget us,

silence.

Don't forget us, don't forget us,

Don't forget us just now,

Just now don't forget us,

Don't forget us just now,

sang the duces. There was more silence, which
was broken by Mrs. Gray,

"They seem to have a hard time materialising to-night," she said. "Let us sing again.

Wen't some friend suggest something?" From
the scoffers' corner came the words:

We are waiting, we are waiting.

We are waiting, we are waiting.
We are waiting just now.
Just now we are waiting.
We are waiting just now.

Though it was started in the scoffers' corner all the dupes joined. There was a rustle by the cabinet at its conclusion, and Mrs. Gray started "Beulah Land." The reached the land of corn and wine
With all its riches freely mine,
Where shines undimmed our bissful day,
And all my night has passed away.
"Ske-he-he-he, ke-he-ke-he, snume, snume,
nost."

It was down by the floor, and from all parts of the room came exclamations.

"Oh, Star Eyes! Oh, here you are, Star Eyes!
Oh, bless your little heart! Oh, there you are!"
This was from the assemblage, and it was followed by "Ske-hs-he-he, ke-he-ke-he, snuffle, muffle, snort."

"Now friends," said Mrs. Gray, "we will turn the light."

"Now friends," said Mrs. Gray, "we will turn up the light."

She walked to the centre of the room and scratched a sulphur match on the floor. Then she lit the gas. It was a very little light, and it was hemmed in by the cloth or paper surrounding the burner.

You'll be welcome, you'll be welcome, You'll be welcome just now,
Just now you'll be welcome.

You'll be welcome just now.

sang the woman who came to see her husbands.
Somebody said, "I see 'em."
"I smell 'em," said the scouler.
The smell of the sulphur match was strong in the room. The old lady leaned over to the scouler and said, "You're mistaken, young man; that's the match."

We are waiting, we are waiting. We are waiting just now,

We are waiting just now,
joined in the dupes. Then from near the floor
in the cabinet again:

"Ske he he he he ke he snuffle-snufflesnort."

There were exclamations of "Oh! oh! oh!"
from the women, and "There she is! Oh. Star
Eyes" from others, followed by "ske he he he
ke he snuffle-snort." Mrs. Gray was seen in
front of the cabinet making passes with her
hands over the face of the curtains. In a moment the curtains swung apart and something
white was seen. It was about two feet high,
and it "ske hed" and disappeared. At that
time the eyes of the reporter were not accustomed to the light, and he couldn't make out
exactly what it was. There was a noise like the
winding of a clock in the cabinet, and the music
box that had been presented to little Star Eyes
by one of the dupes began playing.

"She likes the music," said Mrs. Gray.

We are waiting, we are waiting.

We are waiting, we are waiting, We are waiting just now, ang the scoffer.

You'll be welcome, you'll be welcome, You'll be welcome just now,

Tou'll be welcome, you'll be welcome,
Tou'll be welcome, just now.

sang the dupes. The old'lady leaned over to the
scoffer and in a stage whisper said: "I got my
rubbers on."

The scoffer whispered back, "That's good!"
"No, t'aint." whispered the old lady,
"No, t'aint." whispered the scoffer.
"Cause they won't come." whispered back
the old lady. "She most generally tells us to take
off our rubbers. I forgot it this time." She took
her rubbers off with a whispered:
"There! They ain't healthy, anyway."
Thus it will be seen that Mrs. Stoddard Gray's
ghosts are wise and wary, and are taking no
chances of investigators getting around the
room noiselessly.

We shall gather at the river,
where bright angels' feet have tred,
sang Mrs. Gray, and the curtains parted and a
white form stood in the opening. It was almost
as tall as the cabinst. Where the hands ought
to be it looked human, but it was not light
enough to distinguish its features. One thing
was certain, it had black hair.
"St. John the Divine." announced Mrs. Gray,
and the colored woman jumped up and walked
to the cabinet. Then a very human voice delivered a henediction on the woman and the

livered a benediction on the woman and the curtains closed.

"Ske-he-he-he-he-ke-he-ke-he snuffle-snuffle-snuffle-flower." The curtain opened again and the short ghost appeared. This time it could be more plainly seen. It was evidently a grown person on his hands and knees.

"Don't it ever stand up?" demanded the scoffer. Instantly the curtains shut, and it disappeared.

The tall Swede volunteered: "Star Eyes met with an accident some years ago, and since then she has not had the power to stand." This was said seriously.

and seriously.

"But what big arms she has," said the scoffer.

"Yes," said the Swede. "She was 14 years old when she departed this life."

"She looks as though she might be six feet tall," said the scoffer.

"I hope the friends will not disturb us," said Mrs. Gray.

"Oh, not at all, not at all," said the scoffer, and he dropped the subject and sang lustily: We are waiting, we are waiting, We are waiting just now, Just now we are waiting. We are waiting just now.

"Ske-he-he-he-he-he-snort-snuffle-ske-he-he-"What's the matter, Star Eyes?" asked one

"What's the matter, Star Eyes?" asked one of the men.

"My hands ain't big," sobbed a voice.
"Oh, no, dear baby; your hands are not big.
No, no, dear little thing," said a sympathetic woman, and from the cabinet came "Ske-he-he-he-ke-he-he-snuffle-snort."

"No, he didn't say your hands were big," said half a dozen woman.
"What a mean remark to make. She's such a touchy little thing," said one.
There was allence in the scoffer's corner, and then the woman with the red waist sang:
We are waiting, we are waiting.

then the woman with the red waist sang:

We are waiting, we are waiting.

She got no further. The curtains opened and a medium-sized spook came. "It's for you," said Mrs. Gray, indicating a woman. The woman got up and went to it. A minute inter it disappeared. Another medium-sized spook came. The Bwede's wife said, "Oh, hello; will you do it for me?" and she held out her hand. The swook disappeared. Another came in its place. It was as tall as "St. John the Divine." "Ah!" said the tail Swede. "It is King Charles of Sweden." and he stepped up to it and, making a courtly bow, spoke to it in Swedish. The spook laid its hand upon the tall Swede's head and disappeared. There was a pause.

We are waiting, we are waiting.

We are waiting, we are waiting. We are waiting just now, sang the scoffer or somebody in his corner. The curtains opened again and a middle-sized male spook came. The woman who had come to see her two departed husbands said "Ah!"

"He's for yon," said Mrs. Gray. The woman country and went to the cables. "He's for yon," said Mrs. Gray. The woman got up and went to the cabinet.
"Won't you come out in the room and dematerialize, like you do sometimes?" she pleaded. The snook kissed her cheek and disappeared behind the curtains. It had hardly gone when the curtains opened again. The woman with two departeds had almost reached her seat. "Here's another for you," said Mrs. Gray. The woman went back again. She took the spook's hand in hers.
"Come with ms." she said.
This spook vanished without kissing her and the curtains closed.

Don't forget us, don't forget us.

Don't forget us, don't forget us, Don't forget us just now. Just now don't forget us. Don't forget us just now.

sang the woman with the red waist, and she was joined by several of the men. The curtains opened quickly and a short speek bobbed out. Unlike the other speeks, it wasn't white robed, it was white where its head was. I trubbed its hands. Half the people in the room exclaimed

hands. Half the people in the room excitatined in delighted tones:

"Ob. Dr. Baker, we're so glad to see you."

"Orh. h-h-h-o." said the spook.

"Oh. Dr. Baker," said Mrs. Gray, "won't you magnetize this paper for us?"

"Orh.h-h-h-h-o-o." said the spook, and it jumped to the table and began rubbing the pile of paper vigorously with its right hand. Every few seconds a sheet was thrown off and light could be seen. could be seen.

"Friends," said Mrs. Gray, as she gathered np sheet after sheet and distributed it, "If you have any ill and will put this paper near to the spot it will help you."

"Or-h-h-h-h-h-o-o." said the spook, and it brushed through the curiains.

"He'll come back," said two or three. The curtains opened and another spook that looked like "King Charles" and "St. John the Divine"

"Oh, there he is—my Egyptian," said the wo-man with the red waist gushingly, and she gided to the cabinet and embraced it. It klased her hair and disappeared.
"Who was that?" whispered the reporter to the Swede. "He's case the Swede, "He's case

of the ancients. He died years before Christ was born. He's that lady's control."

But another spook interrupted the conversation. It was the medium-sized spook that had called for the Swede's wife. It glided to hershe sat close to the cabinet—and said in a snuffling voice: "No. I couldn't." It sid right back behind the curtains, and the Swede's wife explained that she had asked it to deliver a note to a friend in Chicago.

"What's the matter?" said the scoffer. "Was there a wreck on the line?"

A titter went around the line of dupes. "It's the weather," exclaimed the Swede's wife.

"Does the weather have anything to do with it?" asked the scoffer.

"Yea," said Mrs. Gray. "They can go themselves, but in wet, damp weather they have difficulty in dematerialising the paper."

We are waiting, we are waiting.

We are waiting, we are waiting, We are waiting just now, We are waiting just now,
sang one of the men, and the curtains opened
again.
"It's your mother," said Mrs. Gray to the old
woman who had been a Methodist. The old
woman jumped up and went to the cabinet.
She stood there a moment enveloped in the
arms of the spook. She tried to pull it out into
the room, and it let go of her and disappeared.
"Ske-he-he-he-ke-he-he- snort—snuffle—
snuffle—snort."
"Oh. Star Eyes, what's the matter?" exclaimed a man.
Whatever it was she didn't say. Dr. Baker
bobbed out again.

bobbed out again,
"Now, Doctor," said Mrs. Gray, "I want you
to dematerialize right here in the room so all

can see."
"Orh-h-h-h-h-o-o!" snorted the spook.
"Oh, he says he can't," said Mrs. Gray. "It's
the weather. Well, Doctor, you'll magnetize
some more paper, won't you'?"
"Orh-h-h-h-o-o!" said the spook, and it began rubbing the paper again. Once more it
disappeared and there was a pause. We are waiting, we are waiting; You'll be welcome, you'll be welcome; Don't forget us, don't forget us,

Don't ferget is, don't forget us,
sang the woman with the red waist.
"They don't seem to come very well," said
Mrs. Gray. Just as she said it another spook
came. "It's for you," said Mrs. Gray, indicating one of the men.
"Oh, it's Sadie!" said the man. "It's my
daughter!" and the spook kissed him on the
mouth and disappeared.
Bhe was followed by a tall male, He, like Dr.
Baker, wore black, and was white about the
head. He stepped from the cabinet, and Mrs.
Gray exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Westworth!"
"Yes, it's Mr. Westworth," asid three or four.
The spook put its hand to its breast and bowed.
It backed into the cabinet as the tall Swede
said: "We are always glad to see you, Mr.
Westworth."

We are waiting, we are waiting.

We are walting, we are walting. sang the dupes over and over again, but no sang the dupes over and over again, but no more came.

"Ska-he-he-he-he-ke-he-he-snort—snuffle—snuffle," said Star Eyes.

"That's all for to-night," said Mrs. Gray.

"It's too bad we didn't have any better night, but it's seldom you can get a perfect circle. There must have been too positive a character here to night. Why, he's on the floor."

She had pushed back the curtains and appeared to be lifting something. The lights were turned up. Hough was sitting in the chair. The dupes stayed around and talked awhile—that is, all except the scoffer. He went out quickly, and after he was gone Mrs. Gray and the others declared that he was the "too positive character" that had spoiled the seance.

Perhaps he was that night, but at the end of every séance the reporter attended some one was blamed.

THE METROPOLITAN CONCERT.

The Sunday evening concert in the Metropolitan was, as usual, fully attended and earnestly enjoyed. Pleasure is enhanced on these occasions by the fact that one meets the artists in their own personality and regards them as friends rather than as supposititious characters occupied with the passing events of the drama they are rendering. Then, too, the variety of a miscellaneous programme stimulates interest. Mr. Seidl keeps his selec-Last evening the breezy altitudes of Switzerland shone forth in the overture to "William Tell," we were sped through space with "Phaeton" in the symphonic poem of Saint-Saens, and we rode amid clouds with the Valleyries. Besides this, Spain and Cuba stood side by side, if not hand in hand, by the juxtaposition of national dances by Massenet and Gottschalk. Mms. Eames, Miss Laura Wallen, Plancon, and Campanari were the soloists, and most artistic singing was the result. Miss Wallen, who is almost a newcomer to our halls of song, has but lately returned from her studies in Europe, which were more than commonly industrious and others were her teachers, the first named giving her always the playful title of "La petite travailleuse." From this it may be gathered that her method is strictly formed, and that whatever she attempts shows distinctly the marks of thought, routine, perseverance, and other admirable characteristics of a determined character. She sang "Connats tu le Pays," from "Mignon," a difficult task at

all times. Being encored, she sang "Vous ne m'aimez " by lienga, and after her second selection a song by Mms. Vlardot, she received a second encore, to which she responded by a setting of the Scotch poem. "O My Laddie." That the audience received Miss Wallen with favor will endience received Miss wallen with favor will be seen by this record.

Campanari and Plançon roused the house to frantic demonstrations by their splendid per-formance of "Suoni la Tromba," with its beau-tiful introductory airs. They were obliged to repeat the telling climax, and were recalled again and again. In fact, encores are the rule at these Sunday concerts, but withal they do

not seem too long.

To Mme. Eames must be accorded the highest possible meed of praise for an artistic triumph—a triumph of the highest order since she evidently forgot her own personal effect in enthusiasm for Johnbert's immortal song "Die Allmacht."

Alimacht," gof this was so noble, so full of the singuign of this was so noble, so full of the singuign, that it threw a new light upon the sincerity of her love for her art, showing plainly as it did her appreciation of the grandeur of the composition and that she need it for its own great sake even more than as a vehicle for the display of her voice, which, however, it did cause to appear to the fullest advantage. Mme, Earnes also sang an air from Nozze di Figaro, "Les Filles de Cadix," by Delibea, and a "delicious" songby Goring-Thomas, "Avril."

Mme, Melba's Illness,

Owing to the continued fliness of Mme. Melba she will not be able to sing with the Damrosch Opera Company in Washington on Thursday night. Mme. Melba will not be able to sing again until Saturday night, when she will be heard for the last time in Saturday night's opera at the Metropolitan Opera House as Juliette in "Romeo et Juliette."

Otero, the Dancer, Here.

Otero, the dancer, who is to appear at Koster & Bial's concert hall, arrived on the Campania last night. For the last six years she has been touring in the European capitals. Before that she performed for a time in this country. She will remain here thirty days this time. Otero is said to receive the largest salary ever paid a concert hall performer in this country.

Carmen's" Proposed Visit to New Haven, Mme. Calvé and the grand opera company of the Metropolitan Opera House will go to New Haven to-day and give one performance of "Carmen" there at the Hyperion Theatre this evening. The opera will be presented in just the same manner, with full chorus, ballet, and orchestra, as it is given at the Metropolitan.



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Mew Publications. Mew Bublications. When the Prince of Wales was in America

When young women nearly lost their senses in a frenzy of romantic excitement, and an entire church congregation forgot itself and stood on the cushions of the pews. Balls, fêtes and dinners ruled the day. Mr. Stephen Fiske was the Prince's constant companion, and he now tells the wonderful story in the January number of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN. The Jount Pappenbelm, who in the present troubles with his wife is furnishing another instance of the unharpiness that foreign marriages frequeatly bring to American women, is well remembered by all the Americans who Shaw, in their whimaical pieces, ever left a spectator to believe that he was beholding anything serious. They were avowedly satirical, just as they would have had to be frankly pathetic or comic, if either had been their intention. As the burlesque that "Castle Sombras" has since been Cescribed to be, that melodrama might have been received with undisguised, instead of covert laughter, and Mr. Manadeld would have added bossibly a success to his carver, instead of a failure. But Mr. Greehough's play was not assured enough in character to be acceptable as either a burlesque or a melodrama. In "Secret Service" William Gillette blends his comic and his sober interess in a natural and appropriate way, but the difference between them is none the less clear. The close relation between humor and pathos has been demonstrated in many a biay, but none of them ever succeeded when the distinction between these two qualities was not perfectly manifest. No confused audience ever enjoyed likelf, and no play that be wildered folks was ever popular with them. It is not in crude melodrama alone that the purpose must be kept in clew, although in chose loosely and hastily written bieces the mechanism is more apparent. It is just as necessary to Arthur Pinero and Ludwig Fulda as it is to any dramatist who would write a good play." I should like to ask," said the cynic, "what happened to visit Ober-Ammergau during the last performance of the Passion Play there. Count Pappenheim had been married to Miss Wheeler only a short time before, and had taken his wife to his home in southern Bavaria, situated only a short distance from the little village that was then thronged with the little village that was then thronged with strangers, among whom the Americans and the English predominated. The excitement of existence in the little town was the almost daily appearance of the Count, and the dreary hours not occupied by the play were diverted instead almost exclusively by the visits of the Count and his wife. The particularly striking feature of his appearance was the Bayarian peasant costume which, scated in an extremely smart London mail phaeton, he invariably wore, to the assonishment of the people who saw him for the first time and were ignorant of his identity. He were the abort, light-colored cloth breeches, embroidered on the side, and so short that they stopped several inches above his knees. According to several inches above his knees. the custom of the region, his legs were quite bare for several inches below the knee, and the queer stockings that covered them as far own as the ankle were all that concealed the Count from the public gaze. On his head was one of the broad-brimmed felt hats of the country, and he wore one of the gayly colored embroidered belts that the peasants affect. It was his particular pleasure to dividire howself in this rig to the Americans at Oher-Ammergau, and the contrast between his appearance and the well-kept, modish equipage he drove was striking enough to attract as much attention as he seemed to desire.

feet long and three inches in diameter, even if the handle be crooked and gilded. But there must be some great force somewhere that inspires audiences to great bilarity. I never laughed at one myself since I saw the first, about twelve years ago, and I fail to recollect That New York was to witness first the proever having seen anybody else laugh. But duction of "Siegfried" with Jean and Eduard they must be patent. The deep faith that the de Reszke in their new rôles, caused some stage managers and the actors have in them cannot be built on sand. When a man takes vexed comment in London, and, as New York was at that time expected to have in addition ne in his hand, crooks his elbow, and walks the pleasure of hearing the first performance sideways across the stage, there is evidence of sideways across the stage, there is evidence of some confidence in the thing or it would not be tried in aine burlesques out of ten and in nearly every variety theatre somewhere in the programme. The bigger the cane the greater the confidence must be. When the thing was first done there was a fashion of the kind. Heavy canes were carried, and some of them had conspicuous crocks. But that was long ago, and fashion will change if stage managers don't. The big cane became a tradition in humor, and when a Johnny is supposed to appear he will invariably have one. Nobody langhs. Nobody carries canes of the kind, and there is no reason why an audience should indule the stage manager's vanity. But the big cane is just as certain a symptom of the stage dude now as his talk about 'cold bettles' and 'hot birds.' Those words ring in the ears of an audience until they become maddeuling. They are the symbols of hilarity and reckless gayety. With the cane added, the complete suggestion of the liveliness of a young man about town is present. Sometimes to complete the filusion and make the atmosphere of city frivoilty more natural, the actors the colored ribbons around their canes. That is a novel stroke, and far more entertaining than the plain cane with the gilded crook, which is the plain cane with the gilded crook, which is the plain cane with the gilded crook, which is the plain cane with the gilded crook, which is the plain cane with the gilded crook, which is the plain cane with the more anusing expedient has been developed in years. So I hope the stage managers managers won't give up the canes. I don't laugh at them, and I don't believe anyted the managers themselves, and they are entitled to do something for themselves. They do enough to amuse other pe chile. So the heavy canes may remain the perpetual symbol of the stage unanagers themselves, and they are entitled to do something for themselves. They do enough to amuse other pe chile. So the heavy canes may remain the perpetual symbol of the stage undensite gild of a of "Di Walktire." there was some expression some confidence in the thing or it would not of slighted feeling in several of the London newspapers. But Covert Garden is to have the honor of presenting "Die Walküre" first with Edouard de Reszke in the cast of the opera, and already the roles have been aswith Edouard de Reszke in the cast of the opera, and already the rôles have been assigned. Ernest Van Dyck, who has been engaged by Maurice Grau for three years at Covent Garden, will ing Stepnund. To Mine, Nordica will fail the rôle of Brunnhide, and Mine. Eames will make her début as Steylinde. Edouard de Reszke, of course, will sing Wofan. The opera will be given in German and under Anton Seidl's direction. Three of the singers—Mines. Nordica and Eames, and Edouard de Reszke have never tefore been heard in the parts they will assume, so London may be willing to excuse New York for having first heard "Siegfried." There are certain hours every day during

which Broadway, through the distance from Canal street up to Astor place, takes on the look of some of the foreign cities, and, judged by their physiognomies, the many men gathered on the street corners or loitering in groups in front of the big buildings might be tn either Berlin or Vienna. They are the empioyees of the shops in which men's clothing is made, and they show themselves in the greatest numbers during the mid-day the greatest numbers during the mid-day recess. At one corner in particular the crowd of men frequently numbers several hundred, and many a pedestrian unaccustomed to the sight halts to await developments with the unfalling instinct of the New Yorker who suspects excitement wherever two or three people are gathered together. The dark-skinned, black-eyed men taking volubly in a language that is foreign to most of the people about them is a familiar enough feature of life on the east side streets on which most of these men live, and in the quarter that they have made their own. Their presence on Broadway, however, is rare, excepting on the one occasion which gathers them there every day. But they are numerous enough them to give the Mrs. Henry E. Abbey is to reappear in Lo-u the name under which she made her reputation in England. She will act under the management of John Sleeper Clarke in Glen Macdonough's play, "The Prodigal Father," which they are numerous enough then to give the street an aspect it never has at any other time. It is an aspect, moreover, entirely different from any of the other principal theroughfares of the city. is known here through its production at the Broadway Theatre three years ago. Mrs. Abbey will also appear in a one-act play called " Home, Sweet Home," written by an American authorees.

Julia Nielson, who acted here last winter with John lisrs, will play Sarah Bernhardt's character of the Florentne youth in an English version of "Lorentzacco," to be given at the St. James Theatre in London.

The prims donnas at the Metropolitan are given to attending the performances of their associates in the company, and Mime, Calve's ter of the Florenthic youth in an anglish version of "Lorenzacio," to be given at the St. James Theatre in London.

The vogue of the religious drama appears to have come to an end in London, and the dramatic version of "The Fligrim"s Progress." Intely acted there, has falled completely. "G. G. Collingham," who arranged the "mystery play," is a Scotch spinster and supplied the funds for the production.

Sir Henry Irving will not act for some time in "Richard all.," which was given only once before he was compelled to close the Lyceum Theatre on account of an injury to his knee received on the opening night. Preparations for a new play are now in progress.

The play attributed to Victorien Sardon and acted here under the name of "A Woman's Silence," in London as "Dorothea," and in Paris as "Marcelle," has just established its record as an international failure by a production in herlin which was saved only by the acting.

The first play in Sudermann's trilogy. prised the audience, and it is said to have been only her second appearance inside of the theatre and off the stage since she first came to New York. Mme. Melba very rarely attends any of the operatio performances, although she attends the Sunday evening concerts when some of the well-known instrumental soloists are engaged. She was there to hear young Huberman after the ariuous rehearsal of "Siegfried." Mme. Fames neard the first performance of that opera, and at The play attributed to Victorien Sardon and acted here under the name of "A Woman's Slience," in London as "Dorothea," and in Paris as "Marcelle," has just established its record as an international failure by a production in herlin which was saved only by the acting.

The first play in Sudermann's trilogy, "Morituri," is to be acted at the Oddon in Paris, it deals with the episode of the Gothic King, and is called "Teja."

Georges Ohnet has lately written a play named "Capitais de Roquebrune," which was acted at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, it is another Napoleon play, and the scene is laid in Paris after the Emperor's return from Eiba.

NEW BOOK presented ladies attending FREE lec-lure to morrow, Turestay, 3-30, at FRENCH ACAD-EMY, 853 Broadway, corner 14th st. Subject, "French Learned Rapidly and Correctly."

of notice. It must take an experienced musician to follow an opera under such circumstances as the customary "cuts" and those which the different conductors make are enough to confuse any person not closely acquainted with the music. But it seemed to be appropriate when this one of Wagner's operas was given for the first time, so there were a number of scores scattered through the house. Notody would suspect of any affectation in the matter those enthusiastic operagoers who combine with the fatigue of standing through a long opera, the difficulty of manipulating scores, and the greater number of the scores appear among these patrons of the opera.

Every blevele repair shop in the upper part of the city seems to have the particular coterie of hangers-on who, without being atas a species of club, and for the enjoyment of | lingering there are willing to help out the proprietor to any extent that he may ask. The shops on the Boulevard with the larger number of riders are naturally the most popular, ber of riders are naturally the most popular, and on Sundays these voluntary retainers are usually as numerous as the customers. "There seems to be as much fascination to riders in hanging around a piace like this," said the proprietor of one of these places yesterday, "as there is in hanging around a stable for mon who are interested in horses. There are certain fellows who turn up here regularly every Sunday and siay here all day. Nothing suits them better than a chance to tinker with a wheel that is brought in, and if there is rothing else for them to do they are satisfied to sit and watch me work. Every other shop around here has its regular crowd. The only difficulty is to keep the number down; if a men let everybody in there would not be any room for buriness. But they never do anything worse than they to hady in case of a rush."

An interesting and curious collection of the

An interesting and curious collection of the libretti of Italian operas has just been added to the New York Library, the Aster, Lenex, and Tilden foundations. The collection was procured for the library at The Hague, having been gathered by a European collector. It combeen gathered by a European collector. It com-prises nearly all of the operas nerformed in Italy during the period between 1705 and 1805; and practically embraces specimens of the li-bretti of works presented during the eletteenth and nineteenth centuries in the theatres of Naples, Fondo, Milan, Rome, Palermo, Venice, and other cities in Italy. These librett num-ber 1,300, and are bound in 113 volumes, most of them in vellum. The first in the collection is that of "The tienerous Lover," a musical ber 1,300, and are bound in 113 volumes, most of them in veilum. The first in the collection is that of "The tienerous Lover," a musical drama, as it is described, which was performed in the Teatro di S. liarioiomes, Naples, in 1703, and was composed by Franc Maucini. The whole collection is considered exceedingly valuable. To it is added a set of programmes of all the spectacles, ballets, festivals, concerts, and entertainments given in Naples between the years 1838 and 1858, and published daily during these years. These programmes are bound

in guideat No. 12, recently constructed at Eath, Me. The craft is to be changed into a practice vessel, and alterations are to be made by the Government at this navy gard. The changes will necessitate the expenditure of about \$10,000.

THE CARE OF THE VOICE

STRICT RULES THAT GREAT SING. ERS HAVE TO FOLLOW.

Restrictions to Which Melba, Eamed, the de Resskes, and Others Submit-Se-rious Consequences of Little Indiscre-tions-Patil's Preservation of Her Voice

Few people in the audiences that applaud the popular singers at the Metropolitan Opera House realize that the regimen they are compelled to follow is very exacting, and allows them little opportunity to indulge in many of the enjoyments possible to persons not so famous or ap-parently so much to be envied. What they shail eat and drink and other matters of their daily life are with them questions so serious that they do not dare to transgress the rules which they decide are necessary for them to follow. Mme. Melbs once told a Sun reporter that she had never allowed herself to eat any sweets since she became a singer, and that from certain other articles of food she feit it as important to abstain. Mme. Meiba is a singer of natural endowments so great that she is in a measure relieved from some of the labor necessary to other prima donnas; but like them she is compelled to follow rules that would appear very severe to the women who watch her from

the audience and applaud her. It is only by such precantions that the voice can be preserved. One of the most popular singers in Germany, a comparatively young woman, has lost her voice entirely. She was a singer praised on account of her artistic methods, and, as her voice had at one time been powerful and beautiful, those who knew her only from her appearances on the stage were surprised at the premature failure of her powers. But to those who knew her in the theatre an explana-tion was not hard to find. Her husband was also a musician, and she used to go with him for supper every night to a restaurant, where they sat until very late eating and drinking. The place was always thick with smoke. The woman made it her habit to meet her husband there, even when she had not sung, and they were there every evening for several hours. To

been rathered by a European collector. It comprises nearly all of the operas performed in Italy during the period between 1703 and 1805, better of works presented during the eight either than dinieteenth centuries in the sheartes of Naples, Fonda Milan, Rome, Palermo, Nedec, had been sheard of them in veilum. The first in the collection is that of "The tireneous Lever," a musical that in the Teatroid S. Isarciousen, Naples, 1970, and was composed by Franc Mancint. The whole collection is considered exceedingly value of the section of the tentre of the tentre of the chard and the pears 1808 and 1808, and published duit during the section of the tentre of the tentr

district to be changed into a practice of all throad and alterations are to be made by the definition ary sard. The changes will the state of a bout \$10,000.

dren Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Silv of relieving the dynassor his throad. But this is a very rare indugence for him. Mme. Metha only violates her rule about sweets when it comes to a question of sugar and water. This is the only thing she ever lakes during a performance to relieve her throat. It is a campanin was not careful about his nealth, and did not give his voice the consideration is required, and he lost it ions before he was an old man.

Children Cry for